

The most lamentable Tragedie

*Saturnine.* And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,  
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.

*Basianus.* *Lavinia*, how say you?

(more,

*Lau.* I say no: I haue beene broad awake two houres and

*Saturnine.* Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,  
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,  
Our Romaine hunting.

*Marcus.* I haue doggs my Lord,  
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the chafe,  
And clime the highest promontary top.

*Titus.* And I haue horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.

*Demetrius.* *Chiron* we hunt not we, with horse nor hound  
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Aron alone.*

*Moore.* He that had wit, would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,  
And neuer after to inherite it.  
Let him that thinks of me so abieetly,  
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,  
Which cunningly effected will beget,  
A very excellent peece of villany:  
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,  
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

*Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.*

*Tamora.* My louely *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boast?  
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,  
The Snakes lies rolled in the chearefull sunne,  
The greene leaues quiuier with the cooling wind,  
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:  
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,  
And whilst the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

of *Titus.*

As if a double hunt were be  
Let vs sit downe and marke  
And after conflict such as w  
The wandring Prince and  
When with a happy storme  
And curtaind with a counfa  
We may each wreathed in th  
(Our pastimes done) posses  
Whiles houndes and hornes  
Be vnto vs as is a Nurces son  
Of Lullabie, to bring her Ba

*Aron.* Madame, though  
*Saturne* is dominator ouer m  
VWhat signifies my deadly  
My silence, and my clowdy  
My fleece of woollie hayre th  
Euen as an Adder when she  
To doe some fatall execution  
No madam, these are no ven  
Vengeance is in my hart, de  
Blood and reuenge are hamn  
Harke *Tamora* the Empreffe  
Which neuer hopes more he  
This is the day of doome for  
His *Philomel* must loose her t  
Thy sonnes make pillage of h  
And wash their hands in *Ba*  
Seest thou this letter? take it v  
And giue the King this fatall  
Now question me no more, v  
Heere comes a parcell of our  
Which dreads not yet their liu

*Enter Basianus*

*Tamora.* Ah my sweet *M*